GUNNER DEPEW

by

Albert N. Depew

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MEMBER OF THE FOREIGN LEGION OF FRANCE
CAPTAIN GUN TURRET, FRENCH BATTLESHIP CASSARD
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GUNNER DEPEW SEES WONDERFUL WORK OF BRITISH AND FRENCH NAVIES IN GALLIPOLI CAMPAIGN.

Synopsis.—Albert N. Depew, author of the story, tells of his service in the United States navy, during which he attained the rank of chief petty officer, first-class gunner. The world war starts soon after he receives his honorable discharge from the navy, and he leaves for France with a determination to enlist. He joins the Foreign Legion and is assigned to the dreadnaught Cassard, where his marksmanship wins him high honors. Later he is transferred to the land forces and sent to the Flanders front. He gets his first experience in a front line trench at Dixmude. He goes "over the top" and gets his first German in a bayonet fight. While on runner service, Depew is caught in a Zeppelin raid and has an exciting experience. In a fierce fight with the Germans, he is wounded and is sent to a hospital. After recovering he is ordered back to sea duty and sails on the Cassard for the Dardanelles.

CHAPTER XI.

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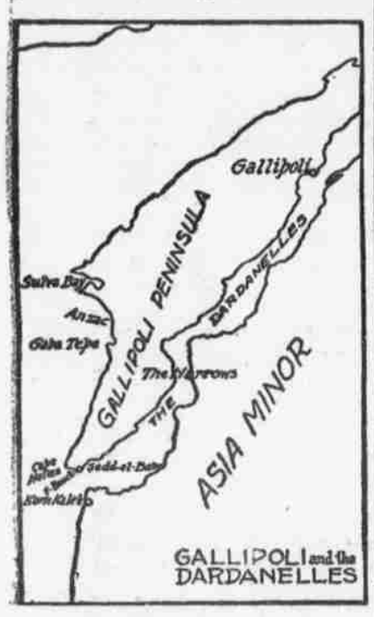
Action at the Dardanelles.

I made twelve trips to the Dardanelles in all, the Cassard acting generally as convoy to troop ships, but one trip was much like another, and I cannot remember all the details, so I will give only certain incidents of the voyages that you might find interesting. We never put into the Dardanelles without being under fire—but



besides saying so, what is there to write about in that? It was interesting enough at the time, though, you can take it from me!

Coming up to "V" beach on our third trip to the Dardanelles, the weather was as nasty as any I have ever seen. The rain was sweeping along in sheets—great big drops, and driven by the wind in regular volleys. You could see the wind coming, by the line of white against a swell where the drops hit.

As we rounded the point, the seas got choppier, and there were cross currents bucking the ship from every angle, it seemed. You could not see two hundred yards away, the rain was so thick, and the combers were breaking over our bows three a minute. The coast here is pretty dangerous, so we went in very slowly and had the sounding line going until its whir-r-r-r sounded louder than a machine gun in action.

I was on the starboard bow at the time and had turned to watch some garbies poking at the scuppers to drain the water off the deck. But the scuppers had been plugged and they were having a hard time of it. The officer on the bridge, in oilskins, was walking up and down, wiping off the business end of his telescope and trying to dodge the rain. All of the garbies but one left the scuppers on the starboard side and started across decks to port. The other chap kept on fooling around the scuppers. Then I saw a big wave coming for us, just off the starboard bow and I grabbed hold of a stanchion and took a deep breath and held on. When my head showed above water again the other end of the wave was just passing over the place where the garbies had been, and the officer was shouting, "Un homme a la mer!" He shouted before the man really was overboard, because he saw that the wave would get him.

I rushed back to the port bow and looked back, for the wave had carried him clear across the decks, and saw the poor lad in the water, trying to fend himself off from the ship's side. But it was no go, and the port propeller blades just carved him into bits.

On our homeward voyage we received word again by wireless that there were Zeppelins at sea. We did not believe this and it proved to be untrue. But there were other stories and taller ones, told us by one of the wireless operators, that some of the garbies believed. This chap was the real original Baron Munchausen when it came to yarning, and for a while he had me going too. He would whisper some startling tale to us and make us promise not to tell, as he had picked it from some other ship's message, and the Old Man would spread-eagle him if he found it out. They probably would have logged him, at that, if they had known he was filling us full of wind the way he did.

He told me one time that Henry Ford had invented something or other for locating subs miles away, and also another device that would draw the sub right up to it and swallow it whole. He had a lot of other yarns that I cannot remember, but I did not believe him because I saw he was picking out certain men to tell certain yarns to—that is, spinning them where they would be more sure of being believed and not just spinning them anywhere.

So I got pretty tired of this stuff after a while and when we put out from Brest on the fourth voyage I got this fellow on deck in rough weather and began talking to him about the chap who had gone overboard the time before and had been cut up by the propeller. I pretended that, of course, he knew all about it—that the Old Man had had this garby pushed overboard because he was too free with his mouth. But this did not seem to do any good, so I had to think up another way.

When we were out two days I got hold of our prize liar again. I figured that he would be superstitious and I was right. I said that of course he knew that a ship could not draw near Cape Helles and get away again unless at least one man was lost, or that, if it did get away, there would be many casualties aboard. I said it had always been that way and claimed that the Old Man had pushed this garby overboard because someone had to go. I said on our other trips no one had been sacrificed and that was the reason we had suffered so much, and that the Old Man had been called down by the French minister of the navy. I told him the Old Man would pick on whatever garby he thought he could best spare.

That was all I had to tell him. Either he thought the Old Man knew of his yarning or else he did not think himself of much account, for he disappeared that very watch and we did not see him again until we were on the homeward voyage and a steward happened to dig into a provision hold. There was our lying friend, with a life belt on, another under his head, and the bight of a rope around his waist, fast asleep. Why he had the rope I do not know, but he was scared to death and thought we were going to chuck him overboard at once. I think he must have told the officers everything, because I noticed them looking pretty hard at me—or at least I thought I did; maybe it was my conscience, if I may brag about having one—and I thought one of the lieutenants was just about to grin at me several times, but we never heard any more about it, or any more yarns from our wireless friend.

The fourth voyage was pretty rough, too. The old girl would stick her nose into the seas and many times I thought she would forget to come out. We had a lot of sand piled up against the wheelhouse and after we dived pretty deep one time and bucked out slowly, there was not a grain of sand left. It looked like the sea was just kidding us, for we were almost into quiet water, and here it had just taken one sea aboard to clean up the sand we carried all the way from Brest.

During the whole voyage you could not get near the galley, which was where our wireless friend hung out when he could. The pans and dixies hanging on the wall stood straight out when the ship pitched, and several heavy ones came down on a cook's head while he was sitting under them during a heavy sea. That made him superstitious, too, and he disappeared and was not found for two days. But he was a landsman and not used to heavy weather.

When we got to the Gallipoli peninsula the fifth time our battle fleet and transports lay off the straits. We could not reach the little harbor on the Turkish coast, but the whole fleet felt happy and fairly confident of victory. We lay off Cape Helles, and it was there we received the news that there were submarines lying around Gibraltar. Then they were reported off Malta. We got the news from British trawlers and transports. Our officers said the subs could not reach the Dardanelles without putting in somewhere for a fresh supply of fuel, and that the allied fleets were on the lookout at every place where the subs might try to put in. But they got there just the same.

Then the British superdreadnaught Queen Elizabeth, "the terror of the Turks," came in. She left England with a whole fleet of cruisers and destroyers, and all the Limeys said, "She'll get through. Nothing will stop her."

One of the boys aboard of her told me he had no idea the Dardanelles would be as hot a place as he found it was. "Gaw blimey," he said, "what with dodging shells and submarines, you cawn't 'elp but run onto a bloomin' mine. Hi don't mind tellin' you," he said, "that Hi was scared cold at first. And then Hi thinks of what 'Oly Joe' (the chaplain) told us one service. 'Hin times of dynger, look hupwards,' 'e says. So Hi looks hupwards, and blimey hif there wasn't a bally plane a-droppin' bombs hon us. 'What price hupward looks, Oly Joe?' I sings out, but he weren't nowheres near. Blarst me, there weren't nowhere you could look without doin' yer bloody heye a dirty trick."

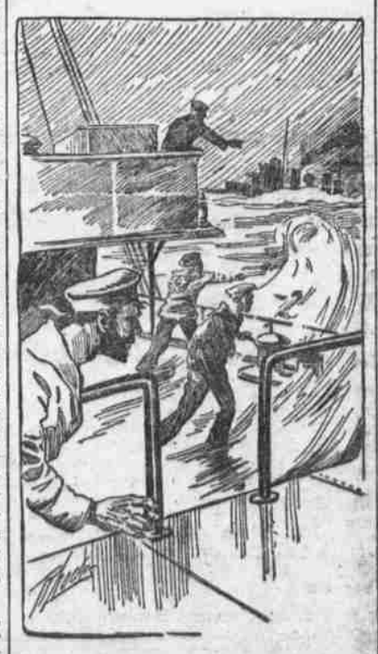
When the Queen Elizabeth entered the Dardanelles, the Turkish batteries on both shores opened right on her. They had ideal positions, and they were banging away in great style. And the water was simply thick with mines, and for all anybody knew, with subs.

Yet the old Lizzie sailed right along, with her band up on the main deck playing, "Everybody's Doing It." It made you feel shivery along the spine, and believe me, they got a great hand from the whole fleet.

They say her Old Man told the boys he was going to drive right ahead and that if the ship was sunk he would know that the enemy was somewhere in the vicinity. Well, they were headed right, but they never got past the Narrows. They stuck until the last minute though, and those who went up, went up with the right spirit. "Are we downhearted?" they would yell. "No!" And they were not, either. They did not brag when they put it over on the Turks, and they did not grouch when they saw that their Red Caps had made mistakes. Their motto was, "Try again," and they tried day after day. I do not know much about the histories of armies, but I do not believe there was ever an army like that of the allies in the Gallipoli campaign, and I do not think any other army could have done what they did. I take off my hat to the British army and navy after that.

It was hotter than I have ever known it to be elsewhere, and there was no water for the boys ashore but what the navy brought to them—sometimes a pint a day, and often none at all. The Turks had positions that you could not expect any army to take, were well supplied with ammunition and were used to the country and the climate. Most of the British army were green troops. It was the Anzacs' first campaign.

They were wonderful boys, these Australians and New Zealanders. Great big men, all of them, and finely built, and they fought like devils. It



"Un Homme a la Mer!"

was hand-to-hand work half the time; hardly any sleep, no water, sometimes no food. They made a mark there at Gallipoli that the world will have to go some to beat.

Our boys were on the job, too. We held our part of the works until the time came for everybody to quit, and it was no picnic. The French should be very proud of the work their navy did there in the Dardanelles.

On our sixth trip I saw H. M. S. Goliath get it. She was struck three times by torpedoes and then shelled. The men were floundering around in the water, with shrapnel cutting the waves all around them. Only a hundred odd of her crew were saved.

One day, off Cape Helles, during our seventh trick at the Dardanelles, we sighted a sub periscope just about dinner time. The Prince George and a destroyer sighted the sub at the same time, and the Prince George let go two rounds before the periscope disappeared, but did not hit the mark. Transports, battleships and cruisers were thick around there, all at anchor, and it was a great place for a sub to be.

In no time at all the destroyers breezed out with their tails in the air, throwing a smoke screen around the larger ships. They hunted high and low, all over the spot where she had been sighted and all around it, thinking to ram it or bring it to the surface, so we could take a crack at

"I Saw H. M. S. Goliath Get It."

it. All the rest of the fleet—battleships and transports—weighed anchor at once and steamed ahead at full speed.

It was a great sight. Any new ship coming up would have thought the British and French navies had gone crazy. We did not have any fixed course, but were steaming as fast as we could in circles and half circles, and dashing madly from port to starboard. We were not going to allow that sub to get a straight shot at us, but we almost rammed ourselves doing it. It was a case of chase-tail for every ship in the fleet.

But the sub did not show itself again that day, and we anchored again. That night, while the destroyers were around the ships, we slipped our cables and patrolled the coast along the Australian position at Gaba Tepe, but we did not anchor.

The following day the Albion went ashore in the fog, south of Gaba Tepe, and as soon as the fog lifted the Turks let loose and gave it to her hot. A Turkish ship came up and, with any kind of gunnery, could have raked her fore and aft, but the Turks must have been pretty shy of gun sense, for they only got in one hit before they were driven off by H. M. S. Canopus, which has made such a fine record in this war.

Then the Canopus pulled in close to the Albion, got a wire hawser aboard, and attempted to tow her out under a heavy fire, but as soon as she started pulling, the cable snapped. The crew of the Albion were ordered aft and jumped up on the quarter deck to try and shift the bow off the bank. At the same time the fore turret and the fore six-inch guns opened up a hot fire on the Turkish positions to lighter the ship and shift her by the concussions of the guns. For a long time they could not budge her. Then the Canopus got another hawser aboard and, with guns going and the crew jumping and the Canopus pulling, the old Albion finally slid off and both ships backed into deep water with little harm done to either. Then they returned to their old anchorages.

At Cape Helles every one was wide-awake. We were all on the lookout for subs and you could not find one man napping. Anything at all passed for a periscope—tins, barrels, spars. Dead horses generally float in the water with one foot sticking up, and we gave the alarm many a time when it was only some old nag on his way to Davy's locker.

On the Cassard the Old Man posted a reward of 50 francs for the first man who sighted a periscope. This was a good idea, but believe me he would have had trouble making the award, for every man on the ship would be sure to see it at the same time. Each man felt sure he would be the man to get the reward. The 14-pounders were loaded and ready for action on a second's notice. But the reward was never claimed.

Depew gets into a hot place when he volunteers for service in the trenches at Gallipoli. After a battle he finds his pal a victim of Hun frightfulness. The next installment tells the story.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Martial Law.

Martial law is not a law at all in the usual sense of that term; it is really the abrogation of law. It is an order that supersedes civil law, and is employed in time of extreme peril to the state or municipality from without or within, when the general safety cannot be trusted to the ordinary administration of government, or the public welfare demands the adoption and execution of extraordinary measures.

WHEN FUR MEETS FABRIC

A splendid fabric appears at its best in the rich and stately wrap which is shown in the picture above. The design reveals an understanding by its creator of the fitness of fur fabrics to the making of ample and luxurious garments. This one is a long and beautiful draped cape to which sleeves have been added. The fur-fabric is an imitation of broad tail and it is finished with a marten collar and cuffs. Each serves to set off the other; the fur and the fur fabric are rivals in beauty.

This is one of several very handsome wraps in which furs have been made up with fur fabrics with an effectiveness not equaled in the past. Among [illegible]ere are long coats, in which [illegible]de borders of genuine fur fo[illegible] and the length of the skirt portion and collar and cuffs are very large. A variety of plushes—which is the other name for fur fabrics—made up with a variety of furs, have resulted in some entirely new and very handsome coats, but nothing finer in design has been offered this season than the regal wrap pictured. It covers its wearer from neck to shoe top, looks warm and is warm, and it is really a splendid achievement of the cloth manufacturer and the designer.

One wonders where all the pelts come from that go to make up ever-present furs. It seems as if many species of animals must become extinct before long. In the meantime fur-fabrics are showing their ability to take the place of skins and may gradually replace them; at any rate they are already joining forces in making wraps that are everything we could wish for.

A Slip-Over Blouse.

A pretty slip-over blouse is of white dotted Swiss with deep circular yoke of white organdie, to which the dotted Swiss blouse and sleeves are attached. The organdie yoke is rounded out at the throat and finished only by a corded piping. Cuffs are of organdie and the long sleeves of dotted Swiss. Swiss and organdie are joined throughout the blouse with lines of hemstitching.

Winter Hats More Colorful

For some reason the millinery of midwinter is more colorful and somewhat more elaborate than that which ushered in the fall season, although the simply trimmed hat cannot be outclassed. But variety is the spice of millinery as well as of life, and some of the latest arrivals in the assemblies of midwinter hats are far from simple.

The hat at the center of the picture is an instance of this new departure. In the face of a vogue for sedate colors and meager trimmings, its designer has chosen to be audacious and has vindicated her choice by making a beautiful hat. It is a picturesque model with a wide brim, faced with rose-colored crepe and edged with a double frill of velvet in that cool brown called "elephant." The brim is wider at the left side than elsewhere and has as many graceful turns and curves as the edge of a flower petal. A whole company of small curling ostrich heads—which is the millinery name for little plumes—finds a resting place on it and they are of the same shade of brown. The crown is rather high and lifts at the left with a band of tucked belting ribbon about it in rose color.

Just to show that quite a lot of trimming can be used successfully, rather large brown beads are set at wide intervals about the upper edge of the ribbon, and even the lovely little ostrich plumes are not left alone in their glory—brown Japanese aigrettes spring up among them.

Another lovely midwinter hat, at the right of the picture, brings visions of theater parties—weddings and all sorts of bright assemblies. It is of taupe velvet faced with silk in three colors, pale rose, blue and lavender, in bands inside a border of taupe on the underbrim. It is one of the few very wide-brimmed hats that have flourished in the midst of much more numerous small ones.

At the left a brown beaver hat with a crushed collar of velvet about the crown has only a fancy pompon of uncurled ostrich for ornament. There is a furore for beaver hats and therefore it is sure of as much consideration as its more trimmed rivals.

Julia Bottomley

Feel New Shoes Rule Soon.

The government ban on fancy shoes, which will limit the styles and delightful tints of milady's footgear, will begin to make itself felt in a short time. Cutting of the new shoes, according to classification, height and style, is said to have begun in factories throughout the country. Retailers and wholesalers are given until June 1 to dispose of their present stock of shoes at the present prices. After that time shoe dealers will carry only the regulation grades of shoes, ranging in price from $3 to $12, all of which will bear the government stamp, classifying them in the three grades, as follows: Class A, from $9 to $12; class B, from $6 to $8.50; class C, from $3 to $5.50.

Fur and Beads.

An astonishing Parisian turban, designed by Lucie Hamar, has a crown of kolinsky fur, while the rest is made up of gold beads twinkling through thin folds of crepe in soft brown, tomato red, and white.